Their mothers bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe baſe bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marcus I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull Countrie done the like.
Puer, And Vnkle ſo will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
Shall carrie from me to the Empreſſe ſonnes,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both:
Come, come, thoult doe my meſſage wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in their boſomes Grandſier.
Titus, No boy not ſo, Ile teach thee another courſe,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my houſe,
Lucius and I le goe braue it at the Court,
I marrie will we ſir, and wee'le be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Marcus, O heauens, can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus attend him in his extaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his hart,
Than foe-mens marks vpon his battred ſhield,
But yet ſo iuſt, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for olde *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

Exter Aron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one doore, and at the other doore young* Lucius, *and another with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ vpon them.*

Chiron Demetrius, her's the ſonne of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome meſſage to deliuer vs.
Aron, I ſome mad meſſage from his mad Grandfather.
Puer, My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your Honours from *Andronicus*;
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Demetrius, Gramarcie Louelie *Lucius*, whats the news.
Puer. That you are both diſcipherd, thats the newes,
For

For villaines markt wi
My Grandſier well ad
The goodlieſt weapon
To gratefie your hono
The hope of Rome, f
And ſo I doe, and with
Your Lordſhips, whe
You may be armed an
And ſo I leaue you bot
Demetri. what's here
Let's ſee,
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque
Chiron. O tis a verſ
I read it in the Gramm
Moore. I iuſt, a verſe
Now what a thing it is
Her's no ſound eaſt,
And ſends them weapo
That wound beyond t
But were our wittie En
Shee would applaud
But let her reſt in her
And now young Lord
Led vs to Rome ſtrang
Captiues, to be aduaun
It did me good before t
To braue the *Tribune*
Demetrius, But me n
Baſelie inſinuate and ſe
Aron, Had he not
Did you not vſe his dau
Demetrius. I would
At ſuch a bay, by turne
Chiron. A charitable
Aron, Here lacks b